

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

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10¢



BLACKHAWK
FOLLOWS
"The Cult of
The Wailing
TIGER!"

**WEB COMIC
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BLACKHAWK



IN THE HEART OF ANCIENT
CHINA THERE LIES THE
TOMB OF THE WARRIOR-
PROPHET HOO-LING, DEAD
THREE THOUSAND YEARS!
LONG FORGOTTEN WAS THE
ONCE-FEARED CULT OF
THE WAILING TIGER... A
DARK MEMORY IN THE
MINDS OF THE CHINESE
PEOPLE!...

BUT ONE DAY HOO-LING
ROSE FROM HIS TOMB TO
WALK UPON THE EARTH
AGAIN! AND THE
BLACKHAWKS, FEARLESS
KNIGHTS OF THE AIR,
FOLLOWED A TRAIL OF
UNSPEAKABLE MYSTERY
TO DISCOVER THE
TERRIBLE MEANING OF
"THE CULT OF THE
WAILING TIGER!"

MILITARY COMICS



IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ALLIED FAR EASTERN COMMAND...

THE JAPANESE ARE STILL ATTACKING! THEY'VE THROWN THEIR LAST RESERVES INTO THIS FIGHT!

SO FAR, WE ARE HOLDING THEM OUTSIDE HOYANG!



BUT THERE ARE RUMORS OF TROUBLE IN THE INTERIOR! OUR SUPPLY LINES HAVE BEEN SABOTAGED AGAIN AND AGAIN!

WHAT DOES INTELLIGENCE REPORT?



THE PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT THE WARRIOR-PROPHET KSO-LING HAS RISEN FROM THE TOMB! THAT'S ALL WE KNOW, SIR! WE'VE LOST THREE OF OUR BEST OPERATIVES TRYING TO FIND OUT MORE!

MURDERED EH?



THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER! ... ASK INTELLIGENCE TO CONTACT THE BLACKHAWKS! THEY'VE HELPED US OUT OF SCRAPES LIKE THIS BEFORE!



AT THE BESIEGED CITY OF HOYANG, A VALIENT ARMY OF DEFENDERS BLOCKS THE JAPANESE PATH OF CONQUEST!



THIS IS WHERE I WAS TOLD TO MEET NING! AND THAT LOOKS LIKE THE HOUSE!



OH, IT'S YOU, BLACKHAWK! ... COME IN!

WERE YOU EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE?























AND A BULLROARER! THE
WEAPON OF THE OLD THUGGEES!
IT THROWS AN ALMOST INVISIBLE
LOOP OF CORD STRONG ENOUGH
TO STRANGLE A MAN!

SEIZE
HIM!

THESE POOR FOOLS
DON'T UNDERSTAND
HOW THEY'VE BEEN
TRICKED! AND
THERE'S NO TIME
TO EXPLAIN!

I'LL BE LUCKY TO GET
OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

BLACKHAWK!

COME DOWN
AND JOIN THE
FUN!

SAVE THE HOT SHOT
OF THIS OUTFIT
FOR ME!

HERE
I COME!

TOO LATE! ... I HAVE
FAILED! MY LIFE
IS FORFEIT!



Private DOGTAG



RIGHT! A SOLDIER'LL GLADLY FACE A FLESH-AND-BLOOD ENEMY, BUT SPIRITS ARE ANOTHER THING! WE'LL HAVE TO ASSIGN SOME BODY WHO NEVER HAD ANY MORALE IN THE FIRST PLACE! ...
SERGEANT!



SERGEANT, WE NEED AN INSENSITIVE, UNOBSERVANT, SEMI-CONSCIOUS, NUMBSKULL TO DO SENTRY DUTY IN TOMB CITY TONIGHT! YOU KNOW WHO ANSWERS THAT DESCRIPTION, DON'T YOU?



I CERTAINLY DO, SIR!

GOOD! YOU'RE ON SENTRY DUTY TONIGHT IN TOMB CITY! JUST REMEMBER YOU'RE A SOLDIER AND THE GHOSTS WON'T SCARE YOU!



SURE, SARGE, I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING!

GHOSTS! ... DID HE SAY GHOSTS?



YEAH... I G-GUESS HE DID SAY G-GHOSTS!



MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE A NIGHT OFF TONIGHT!



W-WHIE! AND MAYBE THEY WON'T!

















DEATH PATROL

OBSERVE CLOSELY, DEATH PATROL --
THE UNUSUAL LAYOUT OF THESE THIRTEEN
JAPANESE MANDATED ISLANDS -- IN
THE FORM OF A CLOCK!...
WE MUST STRIKE HERE
AT THE CENTER!

WITH CLOSE COOPERATION OF OUR AIR
AND NAVAL FORCES -- YOU MUST
LAND ON THE CENTER ISLAND TO
BEGIN YOUR MISSION! FROM
THAT POINT ON, WE'LL LEAVE
IT TO YOUR INGENUITY --
BUT BE CAREFUL!

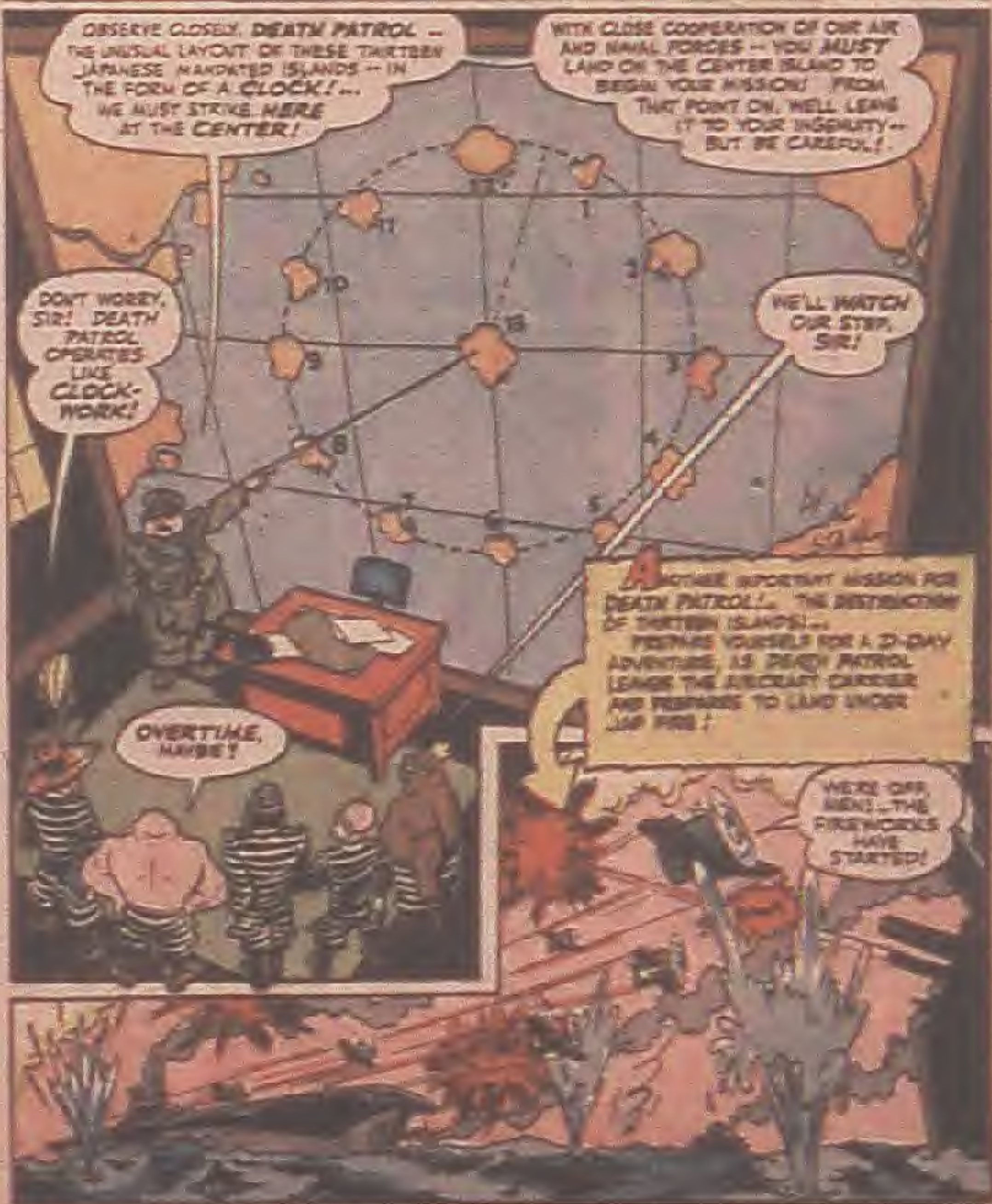
DON'T WORRY,
SIR! DEATH
PATROL
OPERATES
LIKE
CLOCK-
WORK!

WE'LL WATCH
OUR STEP,
SIR!

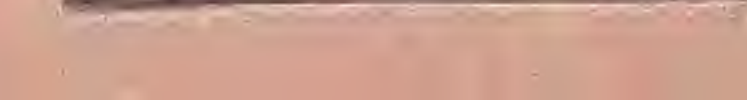
OVERTIME,
MAYBE!

ANOTHER IMPORTANT MISSION FOR
DEATH PATROL!... THE DESTRUCTION
OF THIRTEEN ISLANDS!...
PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A 2-DAY
ADVENTURE, AS DEATH PATROL
LEAVES THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER
AND PREPARES TO LAND UNDER
LAP FIRE!

HERE GO,
GUYS!...THE
FIREWORKS
HAVE
STARTED!









THERE SHE GOES! - ONE O'CLOCK - ISLAND ONE!



TWO O'CLOCK - ISLAND TWO!



THREE O'CLOCK - ISLAND THREE!

TWELVE ISLANDS IN TWELVE HOURS! THAT'S A DAY'S WORK!



DEE-DEE! JAP ISLAND...

GOO-RA - HELLO-HOY!! CAPTAIN HONORABLE BANG HAS DISCOVERED HONORABLE TUBE UNDERWATER! - I WANT HONORABLE ORDERS!

PERHAPS HONORABLE SHORT SWORDFISH PEACOCK - AND ATTACK! JAP-ED!!



SEE! HA! JAP ENGINEER MOST CLEVER! - I PRESS HONORABLE PUSHBUTTON SWORD KNIFE!



GUZZ! NOW WE CUT HONORABLE AMERICAN PIPE-LINE! WE DROWN LIKE JAP - I MEAN RATT!



BLUB...DANGER JAP! I DIDN'T THINK OF THIS!



HELP! - BLUB - THE CRACKING ROSE IS CUT!



IT'S GRAND'S AGAIN! THIS TIME HE'S REALLY DEAD!

BLUB! BLUB!

DON'T Worry ME YET BOYS - JAP! - I TOOK THE NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS - JAP! - AND BLUB AS AN AIRLIFT BUBBLE BLOW - KNOO - JAP!



BLUB!

4-23 HONORABLE BUBBLE!

CHOO-CHOO

and CHERRY

















JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



STRANGE REVENGE

SU FONG was furious. For twenty minutes he had waited for Mei, the Malay, who had gone to the birdhouse.

It was five o'clock now. The lovely morning sky had changed from rose to yellow, but the ocean was still dark and almost motionless.

Su Fong rubbed his hands when he stepped into the yard. He looked around for a minute, then stopped and listened.

Meanwhile, hidden behind the birdhouse, Mei whispered to Kaku, his half brother. They both hated Su Fong, the wealthy Chinese, who owned 70 cormorants, while Kaku only 11. And now they made their crooked plans to steal a part of today's catch. Mei suddenly stopped talking. Kaku almost noiseless, dived into the water and disappeared. When Su Fong found Mei behind the birdhouse, he had no idea that a few moments before, Kaku had been also sitting there.

Su Fong scolded Mei violently. Mei apologized meekly, saying that he had been watching the sea and fish, and he prophesied a good catch for the day.

"Shut up!" cried Su Fong, but he was less angry now, for the prospect of a good catch cooled his exasperated heart. "We should have left half an hour ago," he added.

Mei opened the birdhouse.

The seventy cormorants, perfectly trained for catching fish,

were the pride of Su Fong. The seventy cormorants, not much bigger than crows, black with light grey breasts, had not been fed for three days. When they saw the door of their cage open, they began at once a terrible, hungry croaking, then with a mighty roar the whole flock took off, and, like a heavy dark cloud, flew to the beach, where they settled down on Su Fong's big boat.

Mei, whose passion for hunting had been weakened at the sight of the hungry birds, followed them with catlike suppleness. Su Fong, whose hands trembled with anticipation, came after at a more dignified pace. As a rule Su Fong never went fishing with Mei. But recently the catch had been rather poor. Mei, of course, blamed the cormorants. But Su Fong, who had trained the birds himself, had made up his mind never to believe anything Mei said. Today he went along to decide the truth.

When Su Fong reached the boat, everything was ready. Mei took the oars and the boat rode out. The cormorants, perfectly silent now, sat closely lined up at the boat's edge. Their keen blue eyes looked out over the water. Each one of the seventy birds wore a tightly fitting ring around his neck. This was to keep him from eating the fish, which they caught for their master. Only when they had done their duty, the rings were removed, and the birds allowed to catch a little more fish for themselves, or to feed as a part

of the catch. Su Fong had made it a rule never to be stingy with their food.

The boat drifted slowly away from the cliffs. Gigantic rays of fire flashed over the grey sea, and suddenly the glittering sun rose from the horizon.

Su Fong bent his head and held his hands before his eyes to protect them from the blinding sun. Mei handled the oars, making no noise at all. The cliffs grew smaller and smaller. Su Fong's house could no longer be seen, and the waves of the sea became greater. The cormorants croaked impatiently. They moved their wings feverishly up and down. Some of them even took off a few yards, but immediately returned to the edge of the boat.

Su Fong knew that it was now time to put the birds to work. He glanced back for a moment, then whistled, and clapped three times. As if thrown up by invisible hands, the birds took his leave in a whirled, crossing and recrossing each other, climbing higher and higher. Soon they were only small, dark dots in the sky.

Only a few minutes had elapsed when the first cormorant had returned, flying with widely stretched wings, and carrying a large fish. He put it down in the boat, then began to kill it with his beak. But Mei, with his short knife, was waiting, and the bird flew up again. Every few minutes now, one of the seventy cormorants landed

on the boat with a fish in its talons. It was strangely exciting to watch all this coming and going, and to listen to the hungry croakings of the birds or the roaring sound of their wings. Sometimes when a cormorant had caught too large a fish, another came to assist him in carrying it to the boat. Then Mei would clap his hands in excitement, and receive them with a flood of words and cries.

The ocean was dark blue by now, and the sun stood high in the sky. Su Fong sat motionless and dazed on his elevated seat. His eyes were almost closed but he smiled at the pile of fish that grew bigger and bigger. He seemed quite contented.

Only when a small, fast boat made its way towards his own, Su Fong stood up in surprise. In this smaller boat was a boy, who brought him the sad news that Su Fong's favorite dog lay sick in front of his house, and nobody knew what to do.

Su Fong was very much upset. He decided to go home at once in the small boy's boat, but before leaving, he ordered Mei to remove the traps from the cormorants' beaks and to feed them with one-third of the catch.

Some of the birds were exhausted, and showed that they did not wish to catch any more fish. Mei watched the small craft bearing Su Fong away. His eyes burned, and his face wore a crafty smile. As the small boat disappeared behind the first cliff, a third cormorant dropped its fish at Mei's feet, and refused to fly out again. Mei fell on the bird like a wild beast, and, with brutal force, threw it out of the boat.

When Su Fong reached the

shore, he stepped onto the beach and ran up the little path to his house. There lay his dog, its four paws stretched out rigidly. Su Fong carried the dog into the shade, he bent over him, examined him, and realized that the dog had been poisoned. He gave the suffering animal a drink. The dog vomited and seemed relieved, but Su Fong, though impatient to be off again, would not leave until the dog was asleep.

High noon came up, and Su Fong wondered why Mei had not yet returned home. He watched the cliff. Finally a boat appeared. But it was not Su Fong's; it was a strange boat, and in it a man waved his arm and cried for help.

Su Fong jumped into the small, fast boat which had brought him ashore and went to meet the stranger. As he drew near, he saw that it was Kaku, and that he had a pile of dead fish in the boat. Su Fong rowed up beside him. Kaku, like a madman, leaped into Su Fong's boat, fell on his knees, and with horror in his eyes cried out: "Master, something terrible has happened! Master, you alone can help—if it be not too late!"

"Row!" commanded Su Fong, and Kaku rowed as he never had before. But he continued shouting and crying like a beaten dog.

"Row!" shouted Su Fong desperately, for since he had seen the pile of fish in Kaku's boat, he knew fairly well what might have happened out there in the ocean.

When they came to the spot—they were too late. Even Su Fong could not help. Three or four of the cormorants still flew above Mei's boat, making a low

yards into the air, then shooting down with full force, always at the same spot. The remainder of the birds were busy, tearing the fish into tiny pieces that they might eat, in spite of the rings. For none of the cormorants was without that restricting ring.

The birds had gone crazy; even Su Fong could not go near the boat until they finished their grisly job. Their croakings were terrible to hear.

Su Fong kept Kaku rowing around the boat and he kept shouting small prayers into the wind, but the birds went right on shooting down at the thing on the deck.

And that thing on the deck was much too large to be a pile of fish. It was a bloody mass, and its occasional movements were growing weaker and weaker, and Su Fong heard above the thun-whisper of the wind a terrible cry come from under that flock of ripping, tearing cormorants.

Su Fong knew just what had happened. His dog had been poisoned in order to lure him back home. Kaku had taken part of Mei's catch into his boat, and Mei had forced the tired cormorants to keep on fishing, so that Su Fong might not notice the theft.

Then Mei, the Malay, met his doom. Seventy cormorants starved for three days, then tortured beyond endurance, could easily cut a man into unrecognizable pieces in short order.

Su Fong knew that neither his great skill, nor his understanding and great love for the birds, could have prevented the tragedy. In a low voice he ordered Kaku to clean the boat and bring it home.

PT Boat

THERE WAS A CERTAIN BURMESE GIRL WHOSE EYES SHONE LIKE STARS, WHOSE LIPS WERE MADE FOR CARESSES, AND PERRY TOBIAS BECAME HER DEVOTED AND ARDENT SWAIN!

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE UNDERSEAS KILLER, R77, STRUCK FROM ITS LAIR! AND PERRY TOBIAS, WITH HIS CONRADE IN COMBAT, PAUL HARVEY, WENT ZOOMING ON A ONE WAY THUNDERBOLT MISSION TO DESTRUCTION!

...ONLY TO FIND THAT, AS FAR AS PERRY TOBIAS WAS CONCERNED, THERE WAS MORE DANGER IN THE SMILE OF A PRETTY GAL THAN THE BLAZING GUNS OF THE INVINCIBLE R77!



MILITARY COMICS











MILITARY COMICS

NEVER MIND THE SYMPATHY,
SUGAR! GET ME BACK
ON MY FEET!



WHILE THE SHORE GUNS ENGAGE THE RAGING PT BOAT, THE
JAPANESE SUBMARINE RTT SEEKS SAFETY IN THE DEPTHS
OF THE LAGOON!



HYDROPHONE REPORT
POWERBOAT CLOSE
BY, CAPTAIN!

ASCEND TO
FEETSCORE
DEPTH! WE
WILL SOON
DISPOSE OF
THE INTRUDER!



ENEMY COURSE NOW
ONE-FOETY-THREE
THIRTY-FIVE!

FIRE
ONE!



I'M BUSY! WHAT
DO YOU WANT?



TORPEDO! LOOK
OUT, PAUL!



A VIOLENT WHIRL. AND THE PT BOAT WHEELS OVER!

THERE IT GOES!
SCRAPING PAINT OFF
THE BOTTOM!



MILITARY COMICS



AT LEAST WE KNOW
WHERE TO FIND THE
R77 NOW!



HERE SHE COMES!
GETTING READY
TO FIGHT IT OUT!

AS THE SPEEDING PT BOAT CLOSES TO
EFFECTIVE FIRING RANGE, THE SUBMARINE'S
DECK GUN OPENS FIRE!



THAT SHELL PUNCTURED
THE BOY! HERE A
COOKED GOOSE!

JUST ONE CHANCE!
AND WE'VE GOT TO
HIT THE JACKPOT!



TORPEDO
AWAY!



NOW, RUN
FOR IT!



STRAIGHT AND TRUE TO THE MARK
SPEEDS THE TORPEDO, AND THE
R77 REELS FROM THE EXPLOSION!



EZRA

HI, THERE, EZRA...
I BET YOU'RE ITCHIN'
TO RIDE RIGHT DOWN
THE GROOVE AT
THE HOP
TONIGHT!

NOPE!... I'M
NOT EVEN
GOING!

THE sun is shining in the pleasant
little town of Manorville...
But not for Ezra Jones and his pal,
Rollo Grant! For the trials and
tribulations in Ezra's life hover
over their heads like a dark
and stormy cloud!







MILITARY COMICS



CRASH!









